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ST. LOUIS.



A VITAL CLEW.

"My life hangs on that scrap of paper! If it cannot be found, Edith, it is impossible to prove my innocence. The facts are dead against me."

"Gilbert, I am so confident that you are innocent and all that you have said is true that I will not rest until the paper is found."

He took her in his arms and impressed a passionate kiss on her brow.

Gilbert Stanton was under arrest on suspicion of having caused the death of Raymond Wild. The facts of the case were, as he said, "dead against him."

Stanton lived in chambers in White's Inn and was reading for the bar. Wild, who justified his name, was an old college acquaintance, but had attempted several times in life and failed in all. Gilbert had not seen him for several years, when Wild suddenly turned up at his chambers and announced that he was "stone broke."

The man had no claim whatever on Gilbert Stanton, who told him so and also gave him the benefit of some candid opinions as to his past career. Raymond Wild was hot blooded, and high words resulted. The quarrel was at its height when Mrs. Morton, Gilbert's old landlady, who had been completing her morning duties in another room, closed the door of the chambers and passed out.

Shortly afterward the temper of the two men cooled. Wild apologized for some offensive remarks he had made, and they shook hands. Gilbert now promised to do his best to help his old acquaintance and invited Wild to remain for an hour while he went out to keep an appointment.

When Gilbert Stanton returned, he mounted the stairs to the door of his chambers, but did not immediately enter. He stood for a few minutes on the landing, considering what course he should adopt with regard to the man inside. Should he give him money? Or might what he was doing such a person a positive injury?

As he leaned against the door smoking a cigarette he was startled by a loud explosion inside. What could it be? He hastily unlocked the door and went in. The place was full of gunpowder smoke, and he rushed into the sitting room. It was empty. There was a door communicating with his bedroom, and he opened it.

A horrible sight was before him. Stretched upon the floor was Raymond Wild—dead! Stanton immediately found that a bullet had passed through the man's breast, and that his own revolver, which he always kept loaded in the room, was lying on the floor beside the body.

The evidence at the inquest was simply this: The police, when called in, had found the dead body of a man, identified as Raymond Wild, with a bullet wound in his head. A revolver was also discovered, which Gilbert Stanton had admitted was his, and the contents of one chamber had been discharged. Mr. Stanton had said: "The man committed suicide. I was not inside the chambers at the time."

William Carey, a solicitor's clerk, deposed that he was looking out of the office window on the ground floor, when he saw Mr. Gilbert Stanton enter the building and heard him run up the stairs. About five minutes afterward, certainly when ample time had elapsed for Mr. Stanton to enter his chambers—he heard the explosion.

The result was that Gilbert was arrested, brought up before the magistrate and committed for trial.

His defense was that Wild had found the revolver during his absence; that he was standing outside the door of his chambers, as we have described, when the shot was fired; that although they had quarreled they were on pacific terms when he went out, and that the deceased had left a written confession of his own guilt and Gilbert's innocence.

But where was this written confession? Gilbert Stanton declared that he found it on the bedroom mantelpiece, but during the excitement he had not had time to look for it, and it had mysteriously disappeared. He had searched every where for it, but without avail.

He distinctly remembered that, after examining the body and finding it was lifeless, he went into his sitting room with the collision in his hand to consider what he should do. He placed the paper on a small table in front of him, and glancing out of the window saw a policeman in the quadrangle. He at once decided to call the constable and ran down stairs to do so, leaving his door ajar.

On his return the paper had disappeared, and he had never seen it afterward. The most diligent search had failed to discover it.

"Now, Mrs. Morton," said Edith as they stood alone in the chambers, "this is a matter of life and death. That piece of paper must be found."

"Yes, miss," was the landlady's commonplace reply.

"First of all, you must please answer very carefully some questions I shall put to you. Did you on that day destroy any paper?"

"No, miss."

"Have you destroyed or removed any since?"

"Not a scrap, miss. You see there isn't a fire this time of the year, and the little cooking I do is all done on the gas stove."

"What do you do with your waste paper and rubbish?"

"What little there is I take down in a pail once a week, or more often if I find it necessary."

"And has the pail been down since that day?"

"No, miss."

"Then this paper must be somewhere, unless it was deliberately stolen, which I cannot believe. We will begin our search, and take the sitting room first."

Everything was being turned upside down and inside out, when Edith suddenly stopped.

"Do you remember whether the windows were open on that day?" she asked.

"Yes, miss; Mr. Stanton always used to 'ave 'is windows open."

"Well, just open them as they would be if he were here."

The woman did as she was bid. Edith then placed a piece of paper on the table where Gilbert said he had laid the confession, the door leading into the bedroom and the entrance door having first been opened. There was a considerable draft, and the paper trembled on the table.

"Perhaps there was more air on that day," said Edith. "I will substitute a lighter piece of paper."

This she did and almost immediately it was caught by a current, and it floated across the room. As it fell on the floor they were both startled to see a little kitten spring from the open doorway and pounce upon the paper, rolling over and over with it in her teeth.

"That explains it!" exclaimed Edith, catching the little animal in her arms. "Oh, Kitty! Oh, Kitty! How little you know the terrible mischief you have done!"

Her eyes were full of tears, and she was pale and trembling with apprehension. The kitten must have carried off the confession in this way to play with, and its recovery was hopeless.

"Lor, miss," suddenly broke in Mrs. Morton, "now I remember! When the gent 'out 'iself, I was working in the 'ouse opposite, and came back to see what was the matter. That little kitten belongs to the party in the next set, and when I come up to the landing she was playing just like that with a bit 'o paper, which she runs away with and leaves on the stairs."

"Yes," said Edith, in breathless eagerness.

"Well, paper about the stairs looks so untidy, miss, so I picked it up and—"

"What did you do with it?"

"I threw it in the pail with the other rubbish."

For the second time the contents of the pail were emptied by the landlady and carefully examined. It was absolutely certain that the paper was not there.

"Are you positive that you put the paper in the pail?" asked Edith.

"I 'ave 'is 'eavy on it, miss, and it was just such a scrap of writing as you say."

Edith sent the landlady home, shut herself in the solitary chambers and began the hunt afresh.

It was late in the evening when she ceased her fruitless search.

Next morning she returned to her hopeless task. Mrs. Morton had relieved from further attendance, and was walking up and down the chambers in thought when she came a knock at the door. It was the landlady herself.

"I know where that bit 'o paper is, miss! I remember that, when the police was here that morning, I steps into the bedroom to hear what he has to say. One 'o 'em says to me, 'Impudent fellow, what do you want of an old lady?' and I says I wanted the bedroom candlestick."

"Yes," interrupted Edith, "but where is the paper?"

"I'm just coming to that, miss. I stays a bit in the bedroom, and I see it be any use, you understands—and while I was waiting, I puts a new candle in the candlestick. Them 'nines is rather small for the candlestick, so I takes a bit 'o paper out 'o the pail to make it fit. Come into the bedroom, miss—why, it's gone!"

"Good heavens!" cried Edith. "Do you mean to say that the paper round that candle was the missing document?"

"That's my belief, miss. Where is it gone?"

"I was here late last night, and I burned the candle very low—and the paper took fire!"

"And you burned it, miss?"

"Only slightly, I remember. I blew it out, threw the paper away, and put in a new candle. I was removed from the place. What I do with the paper? Oh, I remember, I threw it under the grate. You'll find it there. Thank heaven, we have found it at last! Gilbert is saved!"

"There is nothing here, miss," said the woman on her knees. "The grate is quite empty!"

It was true, and the shock was a terrible one to Edith. She fainted in the old landlady's arms. Mrs. Morton, however, soon restored her to consciousness.

"You can take my word for it," she said, "that paper's bewitched."

"I don't care whether it is bewitched or not," said Edith. "I mean to find it. Fetch me that magnifying glass from the table in the next room."

Edith removed the fender and carefully examined the dust that Mrs. Morton's not over-circumspect cleanliness had allowed to accumulate.

"I thought as much," she said. "Mice! They have been attracted by the candle grease and have dragged the paper to their hole. Every mouse now 'ave 'is valuable, or it will be all destroyed."

They searched round about everywhere, but no mouse hole could be found. Edith then directed the woman to mix a quantity of whitening which she placed in a large flat dish on the floor in the middle of the room. In the dish was laid a small saucer, and in that a piece of toasted cheese. They then left the chamber for several hours. When they returned, there was a track of little white footprints across the room that led to a little hole above the narrow skirting board, hidden by a loose piece of the wall paper. A man was called in, and after breaking down some of the plaster and taking up a corner of the flooring the coveted scrap of paper was at last secured.

The confession was of course in part destroyed and required very delicate handling, but when the precious relic had been carefully mounted on another piece of paper it was found to read as follows, the words in brackets being supplied by supposition:

"I am sick of my life and [resolved] to put an end to it. I have [written] a confession of my guilt, and I am innocent. I die [by my] own hand." [RAYMOND WILD.]

Gilbert and Edith are now married, and Stanton insists that he owes his life to the persistent and intelligent manner in which his wife followed up that vital and mysterious clew.—London Tit-Bits.

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husband, as they got up from the dinner table, "I wish you would run around and ask the man to come and fix our hester."

"What's the matter with it?" inquired Henry.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Rattles, "but it won't work."

"Well, I'll just tinker it myself," responded Henry, who was full of confidence in his ability, although he knew as much about the construction of a heater as he did of a locomotive.

"There is no use paying out all our money to the heater and range man. The plumber got all last week's salary, but we will try to keep a few dollars for family use."

Then he got a candle and went down in the cellar prepared to have a collar and elbow wrestling match with as innocent a looking heater as ever downed an unsuspecting householder. He stuck the candle in the open door and peered in. The candle dropped into the heater and left him in the darkness. Henry groped around for a while in the interior, which suddenly had assumed vast proportions. He found the candle and ruined his shirt sleeves at the same time.

After lighting it he peered up from the bottom, inwardly cursing the hard cement floor, which hurt his knees. Then he got on his back and sticking his head under the grate as far as possible, saw that a bolt had rusted off the gate. With his left hand he agitated the dumping apparatus to see what the effect would be. About a half bushel of last season's ashes came down and filled his eyes, hair and neck full.

Mrs. Rattles hurriedly sent the children up to the third floor so that they should not hear their father's remarks.

Then he got the hatchet and poker and in a few minutes had the grate out. With it he came up stairs and rested, while Mrs. Rattles figured that his new suit to replace the one ruined would cost at least \$25.

Then he sent for the heater man, who examined the job and explained that \$3 would amount to repair the damages. "A 2c bolt was all it needed," he said, "but I suppose the hired girl broke the grate trying to shake it."

"Yes, that's it, she did," lied Mr. Rattles, glibly, and then he went up stairs and took a bath and put on his best clothes. At the club that night he explained to the boys that he got his injuries trying to capture a burglar.

VIOLETS.

Near the shady solitude
Of a flower remembered wood,
Where in springtime nature waves
Canopies of vines and leaves,
And alone the whippoorwill
Both the night and day
With his sad, insistent call
Have laid the little all
Love can give, save vain regrets
Underneath the violets.

Sleep for aye, had that been lost
By an all too bitter frost;
Sleep for aye in that lone spot,
By ground and heaven forgot.
Oft a near the thrush sing,
Of the brown bee still her wing
Many a time, that she may say
From the honeysuckle's lip
Sweetest we from our regret
Tears O lost Violet!

—Almost Barnes in Kate Field's Washington.

A WARWHOOP.

In one of the quiet, pleasant, picturesque valleys of eastern Connecticut nestles the pretty, old fashioned village of Windham. A century ago this was one of the most important towns in the state east of the Connecticut river. Here were located the county jail, the county courthouse and other public institutions, which, with its prominent public men, raised the town to a position of influence and wide reputation.

During the last half century, or a little over, these institutions have by one have been removed to more thriving centers, bright and ambitious young men have sought other and more promising fields of activity, and the town, once so important, has been shorn of its old name and power, until it has become simply a relic of the "good old times," a typical New England village, the everyday existence of which has become dreary and monotonous, and which lives chiefly in its traditional history.

A century and a half ago Squire Elderkin and Colonel Dyer were the two most prominent men of Windham and were well known throughout the state. Both were lawyers, both were prominent in public affairs, both were wealthy for the times in which they lived, both had large social followings, and both were intensely jealous of each other.

Squire Elderkin was a tall, lean, bilious looking man, with heavy, raven black hair and piercing dark eyes. He was of aristocratic lineage, and in manner cold, selfish and ambitious. He was a learned lawyer, an able advocate and a merciless thrust. Few could give a more rapid fire of words than he—a thrust never failed to reach its mark and always left a ranking wound and an ugly scar.

Colonel Dyer was a different kind of a man in every respect. In person he was short and stout. He had a merry blue eye, a beaming countenance and a good word for every one. Few could tell a better story or more surely make one laugh without knowing the reason why. Gentle, happy, sociable, always bubbling over with fun and good humor, he never was happier than when surrounded with company, and his wide circle of friends always found him a royal entertainer. As a result he became one of the most popular men in the state. His magnanimous, winning qualities were more than a match for the squire's learning and brilliancy.

Colonel Dyer was prominent, too, in military as well as political matters. Windham in those days was a frontier town, and the red men caused a great deal of anxiety at times. Whenever the situation became threatening Colonel Dyer was called to lead, and he always proved a willing soldier and a skillful commander.

Squire Elderkin was very envious of the colonel's popularity and made him the butt of many a keen, piercing shaft of wit. The colonel in time became very sensitive to these wounds, and although hatred was foreign to his nature he conceived a bitter dislike for the squire and frequently in defense made a stinging retort. The situation went on from bad to worse until finally there was many a sharp encounter between the friends of the contending parties. The little town, which had hitherto been blessed with happiness and contentment, became a factions, quarrelsome community.

Where these divisions would have ended, if an event destined to make "old Windham" famous had not intervened, no one can tell.

The spring and early summer of 1758 was a season of intense anxiety for the settlers of New England. The memorable French and Indian war, with its unparalleled atrocities, was at its height. Massacres, in which whole villages were destroyed, were of frequent occurrence. Windham had been especially stirred up by the bloodthirsty reports that were frequently borne from the north. Several times rumors of threatened invasion by the warlike savages and their more savage allies aroused the town to a wild pitch of excitement. On these occasions the villagers met in public faith in the colonel's military sagacity and leadership. He was always placed in command, and his word was law—in short, he was the Miles Standish of this interior Connecticut town.

In early summer of that year the Connecticut settlers were called upon to render additional assistance in the struggle against the French. The French forces of the north were now the objective point, and Colonel Dyer immediately began raising a regiment to help in the reduction of Crown Point. The men were sent forward as fast as they enlisted, while Colonel Dyer remained to continue raising recruits.

One dark, sultry night of this memorable year the long looked for and dreaded crisis seemed at hand. Late in the evening an excited alarm was given by the village parson's slave. The negro was badly scared and rushed from house to house, wildly shouting: "The French are coming. The French are coming."

The excited villagers ran to their windows and doors and were met with a thin and roar that filled them with amazement and terror. Such shrieks! Such yells! The very heavens seemed filled with unearthly sounds. The earth seemed to quake beneath the tread of the coming enemy.

"We will have Ker-nel Dyer. And Elderkin too. We will have Ker-nel Dyer. And Elderkin too. Ker-nel Dyer Elderkin, too," shrieked the hideous voices in unison. Colonel Dyer and Squire Elderkin had been particularly active against the French. The whole village jumped to the conclusion that the French and Indians were anxious to capture these two leaders. As the outlandish shrieks seemed to increase in volume, and to grow nearer and nearer, the last doubt that the savages were upon them passed from every mind.

Colonel Dyer hurried to the village green when the alarm was given, and the clanging church bell soon called the

villagers together. Squire Elderkin, badly frightened, promptly responded, well armed with a trusty flintlock. Very soon the able-bodied men of the town were in line, and Colonel Dyer was unanimously chosen commander.

The old feud that a few hours before divided neighbor from neighbor was forgotten. All united like brothers to defend their common homes.

Orders were immediately given to advance, and the Windham villagers marched up the hill to the east to check the enemy. The shout for "Colonel Dyer and Elderkin, too," steadily grew stronger and stronger, and the gallant colonel was reported to have shown unusual caution on this occasion, while Squire Elderkin, who had never had military experience, implored the colonel to halt his command on the hill and wait until daylight before he proceeded, as everything seemed to indicate overwhelming odds in favor of the enemy.

The last half of the night was one of terror. The villagers who had been left behind waited to hear the roar of battle, but as the hours dragged their tedious length along without the discharge of a single piece all gave way to the fear that some great horror was impending. The night, however, finally wore away; the east began to grow gray, and the light was slowly creeping over the hills when the clamor for "Colonel Dyer and Elderkin, too," began to subside. Daylight quelled the hideous sounds.

The morning brought a strange story to the little army and the panic stricken villagers.

A mile and a half to the west of the village was a large millpond, which furnished water for power to grind the grain for the surrounding country. The miller reported that he had been awakened by the outlandish noises in early evening and on going to the pond found the frogs in a great state of commotion, but owing to the intense darkness nothing could be seen. In the morning many dead frogs were found upon the shore.

No wounds were visible; no marks of violence could be seen; no cause for the strange commotion could be found. Some argued that there had been a battle, but there was never any evidence to support this theory. Others advanced the idea that some mysterious, malarial contagion, some deadly epidemic, had broken out and caused the cries of distress which had driven terror to the hearts of the Windham villagers.

This theory, too, has been laughed at, and the truth is that the cause of the great disturbance has always been a dark, impenetrable mystery.

The state of mind of the townspeople the next morning can better be imagined than described. All seemed sick with humiliation at the ludicrous ending of their frantic fight of the evening before. Squire Elderkin was particularly mortified and is reported to have suffered a two weeks' sickness and confinement to his chamber, during which he was said to have frequently stated that he had much rather have lost his scalp than to have been the victim of such a huge joke.

It was wonderful how the story of the Windham frogs sought out and found every little nook and corner of the country. There were no railroads, no telegraphs or newspapers in those days. The stagecoach was the only means of intercommunication. Yet the story, greatly exaggerated and elaborately dressed up by the imagination, was told in almost every tavern in the land.

The Windham story has been famous for years. Those who had suffered at their hands now eagerly seized the opportunity to pay back old scores with usurious interest. Ballads were written, songs were composed and sung, and every chance for a practical joke was utilized. Colonel Dyer was a delegate to the first congress held in New York. During his journey to that city some wag tied an immense frog to the rear of his carriage. His arrival is said to have been greeted with shouts and laughter, and the joke became the talk of the city.

On one occasion Squire Elderkin was said to have been making a very learned and eloquent plea, when some buffoon raised the shout of "Colonel Dyer and Elderkin, too," in the long drawn tones which the frogs had made famous. The judge lost his gravity, the jury laughed, and the audience shouted in the most boisterous manner. The squire, famous for his self possession, lost his temper, which greatly added to the amusement of the on-lookers.

The humiliation of the Windhamites, however, soon passed away, and they regained their native shrewdness. Colonel Dyer was the first to turn the tide. He adopted the bullfrog as a coat of arms. He had a metal frog made for a door knocker and in various other ways showed his disposition to accept the situation good naturedly. The squire soon saw this was the better way and felt very kindly toward the colonel for his tact in stemming the current of popular persecution. He even after accepted any mention of the frog story with a smile and apparent good nature, although it was generally believed that the smile was forced and the good nature was entirely assumed.

The memorable fight had one good effect. Colonel Dyer and Squire Elderkin became fast friends. Peace and good will reigned throughout the community, and the little village has since become noted for the spirit of neighborly kindness and brotherly love which seems to hover over it and pervade the very air.—Fred M. Hopkins in Romance.

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	No. 51, Daily, No. 52, No. 53, No. 54
West Bound.	Daily, Daily, Daily, Daily
Lv. Louisville	7:45 a. m. 8:30 p. m.
West Point	8:15 a. m. 9:00 p. m.
Brandsburg	8:35 a. m. 9:20 p. m.
Irrigation	8:55 a. m. 9:40 p. m.
Spencerport	9:15 a. m. 10:00 p. m.
Greensport	9:35 a. m. 10:20 p. m.
Hartsville	9:55 a. m. 10:40 p. m.
Lewisport	10:15 a. m. 11:00 p. m.
Owensboro	10:35 a. m. 11:20 p. m.
Spottsville	10:55 a. m. 11:40 p. m.
Ar. Henderson	11:15 a. m. 12:00 p. m.

EAST BOUND.

	No. 51, Daily, No. 52, No. 53, No. 54
Lv. Henderson	7:15 a. m. 8:10 p. m.
Spottsville	7:35 a. m. 8:30 p. m.
Owensboro	7:55 a. m. 8:50 p. m.
Lewisport	8:15 a. m. 9:10 p. m.
Hartsville	8:35 a. m. 9:30 p. m.
Greensport	8:55 a. m. 9:50 p. m.
Spencerport	9:15 a. m. 10:10 p. m.
Irrigation	9:35 a. m. 10:30 p. m.
Brandsburg	9:55 a. m. 10:50 p. m.
West Point	10:15 a. m. 11:10 p. m.
Ar. Louisville	10:35 a. m. 11:30 p. m.

Trains No. 51 and No. 52 make connection at Irrigation (Sunday excepted) with trains on Louisville, Harbardsburg & Western R. R., east and west bound. For further information, address H. G. MORRIS, Gen. Frt. Ag't, Louisville, Ky.

WHEN YOU GO TO OWENSBORO
—CALL ON—
C. Theo. Cain,
THE PHOTOGRAPHER.
For the finest and Most Artistic Work, any size or style. Frederick St., between 3rd and 4th. On 37

FITS STOPPED FREE
Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer
No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. For sale by all druggists; ask on yours. 36 y

Only a Boy

The above charming booklet sent by mail for One Dollar. 10 1st St. G. WRIGHT, Richardsville, Ky.

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Nothing Cheap About It.

Dr. Drummond's Lightning Remedy for Rheumatism is put up in large bottles, and once seen it is never mistaken for any other preparation. All the cheap remedies put together are not worth one bottle of Drummond's Lightning Remedy, and any sufferer who has taken it, will bear witness to its marvelous power, and the druggists who sell it say they have never seen its equal. Full particulars sent by mail and the remedy by express. Drummond Medicine Co., 48-50 Maiden Lane, New York. Agents wanted.

Lane's Medicine moves the Bowels every day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

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Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

JO. B. ROGERS, Editor and Proprietor

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR ANNESSOR.

WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO ANNOUNCE

DEE L. MILLER

As a candidate for Assessor of Ohio county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

CONGRESS convened Monday at 12 o'clock.

PRENDERGRASS, the slayer of Mayor Harrison, is being tried in Chicago.

The types made us speak of the teachers of the County, last week as a "corps." Now, they are not a corps in any sense of the word, or if so they are a mighty "lively corps."

Is the mining districts of Michigan over 12,000 people, who are out of employment, are suffering from hunger and cold. The Governor has been asked for aid. Last year the people were self-sustaining.

J. J. VAN ALLEN, bought the appointment of Ambassador to Italy by contributing \$50,000 to the Cleveland campaign, has resigned the appointment, after receiving the just condemnation of all good people.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions shows that there are 966,012 pensioners upon the rolls; among them seventeen widows and daughters of Revolutionary soldiers. The total amount distributed last year was \$156,740,467.14.

The recent session of the Hartford Teachers' Association at Reaver Dam, was distinguished as the beginning of the work of the Reading Circle in connection with the Association work. This first meeting proved very interesting and the project bids fair to win favor with our teachers. There has been too much sameness in the exercises of such bodies heretofore, and this innovation will greatly revive interest among the teachers. Other Associations should try the plan.

It has never been our good fortune to attend a more interesting and profitable Teachers' Association than the last meeting of the Rosine Teachers. Nearly all the parts assigned were prepared and well rendered. The teachers were alive and seemed to enter into their work with the true spirit. Every teacher in the District, but two were in attendance, and this in a very great measure served to create a lively interest. The next meeting occurs Friday, December 15th, and every teacher should be present. See program elsewhere in this issue.

THAT there are yet a few educational fossils who see no good in Teachers' Institutes and Teachers' Associations is quite true, but a kind Providence is rapidly thinning their ranks. The Institute has come to be recognized among thinking people as a necessity, and the same is fast coming to be thought of the Teachers' Associations. Now, the law very wisely grants to the teachers the time, while attending the Institute, provided the session falls during the school. It is equally important that the teachers attend the Associations during the session of the school and it is but just that they be allowed their time. The Rosine Teachers' Association meets next time on Friday instead of Saturday as heretofore. This is a good move. The schools in that Magisterial District should be dismissed that day and the teacher not being required to teach will feel a deeper interest and a stronger obligation, not only to attend but to strive to make the meeting a success. Let the teachers attend and take their pupils and patrons with them. The Teachers' Association is a powerful educational factor if properly conducted and this new departure will only increase its usefulness if the teachers make the proper effort. Other Associations would do well to give the Friday meeting a trial.

WASHINGTON.

The Cleveland tariff bill has been before the public four days and the most careful study fails to find one single redeeming feature therein. It would, if enacted a law, turn over the cream of the American markets, the finest in the world, to European manufacturers and Canadian farmers, and all it offers Americans in exchange therefor are glittering promises of an increase in the foreign trade of the United States, promises which are not believed in even by those who have made them. It is admitted that free wool would put an end to the protection of wool in this country and that free iron ore and coal would be used exclusively in the neighborhood of every Atlantic seaport and that American iron ore and coal will be used nowhere except in places so far in the interior that the freight rates will allow them to compete with foreign products.

These are only specimens of the manner in which American industries have been treated by this bill. The same holds good throughout the bill. There is hardly a single industry of any consequence in the United States that is not struck at in some way. And as if that were not evil enough contained in a single bill, this one changes the method of im-

posing the duty upon many of the articles which it leaves upon the dutiable list from specific to ad valorem, a system which has been condemned by nearly every Secretary of the Treasury the country has ever had, as one that encourages fraud and puts a premium upon deception. The bill is dishonest in every way. While purporting to be a tariff for revenue its makers estimate that it would produce \$50,000,000 a year less than the McKinley law. It leaves the sugar bounty which the Democrats claimed to oppose on constitutional grounds and provides for its continuance eight years, dropping a quarter of a cent each year. The question naturally arises, how can a bounty of 1.34 cents be constitutional if a bounty of 2 cents was unconstitutional? There is, however, one consoling thing about this bill. It is utterly bad and vicious that it cannot possibly become a law in its present shape, although Mr. Cleveland's power may be sufficiently strong to force it through the House without amendment, but of that there are doubts. The constituents of Democratic members who feel the reduction in wages and loss of employment will make themselves heard and felt as soon as they are brought to a realizing sense of the injury to themselves that is contained in the bill. Many believe that the bill has been made public in its present shape to feel the public pulse and that the features that prove the most obnoxious will later on be eliminated or modified by a Democratic caucus. The report of the Republican minority of the House Ways and Means Committee, upon which work is now being pushed, promises to be a document that will make Republican converts by the thousands. It will probably be ready by the last of next or the first of the week after.

The Democrats of the Ways and Means Committee are still undecided about a single feature of the internal revenue bill which they will have to prepare to meet the bill deficiency created by their tariff bill. They wish to include the income tax, but so many vigorous protests have been filed against it by leading Democrats that it is not certain they will.

Secretary Herbert, not having a son to take care of, has introduced a new variety of nepotism by appointing his son-in-law chief clerk of the Navy Department.

It is certain that Mr. B. G. Johnson, of Louisiana, who was the only Democratic member of the Civil Service Commission, did not enjoy his Thanksgiving dinner. Cause why? He was peremptorily moved from office by Mr. Cleveland this week. Mr. Johnson has ever since the Democratic Administration came into power, acted as though he thought it his duty to stand by the most outrageous violations of the civil service law, in favor of the Democrats, rather than to enforce the law. He has been going from bad to worse in that direction, and when the time came to prepare the annual report of the Commission, which is now in the hands of Mr. Cleveland, there was an open rupture between him and his republican colleagues, and he refused to sign their report and wrote one of his own. That brought matters to a crisis and Commissioner Roosevelt told Mr. Cleveland that he would not remain on the Commission if Johnson did, and Johnson didn't. Prof. Proctor, of Kentucky, has been appointed to the vacancy.

Superintendent's Appointments. I will visit the following schools at times named:

Friday, Dec. 8. 8 a m, No. 10, (col) Miss Charlotte Eldson.

11, No. 106, L. B. Loney and S. J. Tichenor.

2 p m, No. 6, D. Ellis Miller.

Monday, Dec. 11. 8 a m, No. 40, Miss Annie M. Allen.

10, No. 2, (col) Miss Minnie Taylor.

Tuesday, Dec. 12. 8 a m, No. 51, W. G. Gardner.

10, No. 5, (col) Cromwell District.

No. 25, Alfonso Rogers.

Wednesday, Dec. 13. 10 a m, No. 1, (col) S. M. Taylor.

Friday, Dec. 15. 8 a m, No. 74, G. T. Tinsley.

11, No. 88, J. L. Rogers.

The Trustees and patrons are requested to be present. It is especially necessary that the full Board of Trustees be on hand, as important business will be transacted with each District. Trustees will bring their Record Book and District Boundary.

Respy, Jo. B. ROGERS.

Then Give Thanks.

The Whitley County Herald, published at Williamsburg, Ky., and is issued on Thursday, filled up on the following for Thanksgiving:

"DEAR READER—To-day is Thanksgiving. A day that every body should observe in an appropriate service. But before indulging in genuflections, we exhort you to retire to your secret closet in a silent, solemn and conscientious manner, and there ask yourself this sole and only question, 'Do you owe your printer?' If the answer comes to you in a still small voice, 'Yea,' then arise and to thy feet add wings, go speedily and seek him out and pay what thou owest, that he may rejoice and give thanks, and upon thy head call down richest blessings."

Wanted!

One or two car-loads of good poplar lumber. Address,

F. A. AMES & Co.,

Owensboro, Ky.

No better aid to digestion, No better cure for dyspepsia, Nothing more reliable for biliousness and constipation than DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. L. B. Bean.

DO YOU KNOW

That Susie B. and Mattie L. are chums?

That Bert and Kennie are good friends?

That Wm. Fair has quit going with the girls?

That a certain girl says her heart is broken?

That Jim Williams is getting better looking?

That Mattie L. and Jim S. have played quits?

That Tom Slack and F. W. have up a case?

Why Lee Stevens didn't go to the oyster supper?

That G. W. Keele is struck on a girl in school?

That Prof. Alexander is proud of his spelling class?

That Ab Yeiser wants to go into the shoe business?

That Henry Osborne tries ever so hard to look pretty?

That Ab Yeiser thinks he is the smartest boy in town?

That John Will Faith never goes with any of the girls?

That all the girls in school are struck on Jim Williams?

Why some of the girls don't get struck on C. J. Dunn.

That J. C. Miller uses a 50 cent bottle of perfume a week?

That Henry Osborne and Owen Thomas are great chums?

That Bat Nall makes frequent trips to the Water Mill?

That a certain school girl has a cute way of saying "I guess?"

That a certain girl says a Centerville boy is her "best liken?"

That Henry Carson says any girl who wants to marry can get him?

That Jesse Bean and Willie Moore are the coming young men of town?

That the wedding will take place December 20th I have been predicting?

Where John Vaughn left his girl when he fell off the stepping stones?

That you ought to hear Mose Hudson tell his experience with the bear?

That Henry Osborne uses a box of blacking every time he shines his shoes?

That a certain society boy asked me not to use his name in this column any more?

That one of Hartford's little maidens says she likes Mr. O. M. Felix pretty well?

That C. J. Dunn thought he was going to strike something right a few days ago?

That David Howerton said he wished someone would write him up in this column?

That H. Pruden wen. home with a blue-eyed girl from the party last Friday night?

That W. H. Burton has started a dog show and now gives free exhibitions on the street corners?

That Amos Carson says there are only two houses in the United States that manufacture bananas?

That Dr. Alexander's moustache looks like an old broom-sage field that was burned while it was wet?

That Tom Morton has been looking at a catalogue for three weeks, preparatory to buying a diamond ring?

That a certain boy said the cutest girl at the party last Friday night was the girl who did the singing?

That the prettiest girl in school has large blue eyes, long hair and fair complexion, and is a member of Prof. O. M. Shultz's History and Geography classes?

LEITCHFIELD.

That Tom Hunter is learning the Millinery business.

That the Rev. W. M. Waltrip is still confined to his bed?

That J. H. Nichols is on the sick list?

That John Waltrip took Hardin Cabbage to jail (?) the other evening?

That there was a petition circulated in this School District to put whisky out of her limits and it will have to go the 10th of next April?

That Leitchfield will soon be the home of a good Republican paper?

That the Republican gets better every issue?

That Bailey Tilford thinks he is a dude?

That "Katie Did" would make a good editor?

That George A Cabbage is on the sick list?

That C. J. Veager is the most popular man in town?

That Leitchfield has the best paved streets of any town its size in the State?

That the Mayor of Leitchfield thought of resigning when Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, was murdered?

CONCORD.

That John Allen was all smiles Friday night?

That Al Gray likes the color of black?

That Porter McDowell wishes he was young?

That R. H. likes cabbage?

That Inez likes Henry-Combe?

That K. C. is partial to Gray?

That Alva Carter is looking sad?

That F. C. likes the name of John?

That Jimmie Carter likes old maids?

That K. C. wishes a certain girl was dead?

That Dr. String visits school quite often?

That John Dodson thinks he is handsome?

That Robert Pirtle likes to go down

the Beaver Dam road?

That Robert Pirtle still hangs to his straw hat?

That Toney McDowell looked sad Friday night?

Why Inez likes to go to Teakettle Hollow?

That James and Henry Allen are still good friends?

That Robert Hagerman has shaved his moustache off?

MT. MORIAE.

That tobacco is selling in this neighborhood for seven, seven and two

That farmers are almost through gathering corn and report a good crop?

That schools through this section are progressing very nicely?

That we have several new School-houses near here and all of them furnished with patent furniture?

That Miss Lula Hickey, George Hickey and Morgan Ashby visited our school last week?

That Roland Hamilton stands at the head of the first division of the school in spelling, and that it is a tie between Annie Hickey and John Hamilton in the second division?

Why the boys don't clear off a larger play ground?

That Dan Mitchell made a flying trip to Davies last week?

That Rev. B. P. Jenkins will begin a series of meetings at Bell's Run next Sunday?

That Thomas Hickey and wife are visiting in Fordsville this week?

That Joel Elmore and wife spent a few days last week in Fordsville.

FORDSVILLE.

The people of Fordsville like this paper?

There was a wedding near here this week?

That John Jones went to Horton Sunday?

That the people of this place were surprised to see Bill Miller at a certain place Sunday as he seldom goes there?

That Kelly Tabor is not as brave as Daniel—he is afraid to venture into the Lyons' den?

That Emma T. and B. H. have made friends?

That Ed has heart trouble, and he thinks there is a physician in Louisville that can cure him?

That a certain girl near here is struck on a Panther Creek minor?

That the girls are wearing their best smiles now that Mac Smith has set out?

That Lon Johnson says it makes a fellow good to spark the girls?

That Ed Quisenberry made a "dash" while attending the protracted meeting at Panther Creek?

That Fordsville is going to be the leading town in Western Kentucky, when the new county is made?

That we wish THE REPUBLICAN success?

DEANFIELD.

That Chris Green has a new knife?

That Will Miller likes pig feet?

That Wm. Hardin has taken a fresh chew of tobacco this week?

That Ed Jager and his bank mule do not exactly agree?

That Ernest Hicks is learning to turn hand springs?

That Jake Swears can hit the side gear to perfection?

That you ought to have seen Jeff Parson Thanks giving?

That if you wish to see a circus drop around to the depot at train time?

That Ernest Hicks can sleep fifteen hours and eat nine out of every twenty-five?

That G. W. Kelley Keeps a circus in his stable?

That D. S. Miller's pipe speaks for itself?

That F. W. and A. G. are afraid of the moaning of the wind?

That Robert Ragland likes auburn hair?

That G. P. has a new beard?

That Cap Colbert is mad because his name is not spelled correctly?

That Ernest Hicks is our windy man?

That Anderson Mercer is President of the Etanville Literary Society?

That Marion Haynes broke the ice when he fell out of the cart?

That Charlie Louis' head goes too fast for his feet?

That Dink Pierson never smiles any more?

That it John Thornton's mouth had been any larger he would have swallowed his ears?

That the reason James Snyder is so short, so much of him is turned down at the feet?

That John Curtis' mouth looks like a sink hole?

That Robert Nelson never calls until after eight?

That June Harrison loves a Lan- (Ahem?)

DEANFIELD.

Dr. Ed Ford, of Fordsville, is in town.

John Thornton and wife are visiting at Roseville.

Miss Sue Phillips is very sick of typhoid fever.

A very successful meeting is being conducted at Roseville by Revs. Coleman and Birch.

Miss Eva Pirtle took advantage of Thanksgiving by visiting her parents near Hartford.

Misses Florence Wright and Emma Kelley visited Whitesville last week.

Allie Coppage, of Fordsville, spent Thanksgiving in this place. He did not tell his business, but it is under-

stood that a certain young lady knows why he came.

Mrs. Ellis and her very attractive daughter, Miss Jessie, were the guests of Mrs. G. W. Kelley Saturday.

Mr. Henry Vogle, a former resident of this place, but who has been living in Owensboro for some time, has again taken up his abode in our little city. We are glad to have such families in our midst.

Mrs. P. R. Kelley, who was wounded in that shooting affair, some time ago, is able to sit up and says she feels no inconvenience from the effects of the ball, which is located about one inch to the left of the spinal column and just above the hip bone.

Mr. John Curtis and family, of Davies county, are among our new comers.

Mr. D. S. Miller has a full force of hands at work and has filled the Company's store with a fine lot of groceries and dry goods. He ships about five car loads of coal every day and the mines are said to be in better condition than ever before.

Mr. William McCarty and wife, of Whitesville, visited relatives here last week.

John Shores made a flying trip to Fordsville Sunday.

Mr. Dan Gilliland, who has been on the sick list for several days, is able to be out again.

The wedding bells, which have been tinkling in the distance, begin to peal louder as time passes and we think we will have another wedding to report in the near future, if a certain young gentleman continues his visits to the hotel.

Marion Haynes happened to a very serious accident Sunday night. He was driving along the road near Roseville when his horse became frightened and shied out to the side of the road, striking a stump and upsetting the vehicle. A large brook was near and in falling his face and chest struck the ice, breaking it, plunging him into about four feet of water. The ice cut his face in several places, and he received a thorough soaking. He then had about four miles to drive, and was almost frozen when he got back to his boarding house. Marion says it does not pay to go to see the girls.

Mr. G. W. Kelley has quite a curiosity. It is the skull of a two-headed calf. Mr. Kelley says the calf lived several hours after birth. The skull has four ears, four eyes and four nostrils and two mouths. In fact, the heads, are completely separated back to the neck. This curiosity may be seen on exhibition at the hotel.

Life is Miserable

To many people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agencies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy able to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills.

World's Fair Medal Awarded Prof. E. W. Smith, of Lexington, Ky.

Principal E. W. Smith, of the old and reliable Commercial College of Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky., was awarded the Medal at the great Fair at Chicago for book keeping, etc., a re-endorsement of other honors and of his graduates. Prof. Smith's mail is large with congratulations and inquiries of his famous College.

Write to Prof. Smith now.

Public Sale

On Saturday, December 16th, I will offer for sale at my farm, 4 miles east of Hartford, on the Horton and Hartford road, to the highest and best bidder, the following stock and property: Two head of horses, lot of young cattle, several hogs, two milch cows and calves, 1 one good new wagon, lot of hay, one road cart, one mowing machine, been used one season, lot of plows and other farming utensils. Terms of sale: Purchases under \$5 cash; all over, on a credit of six months, with approved security and interest from date.

S. O. P. HALL.

A Pleasant Occasion.

Last Saturday night, Messrs. Henry Carson and T. J. Morton, the genial young proprietors of Carson & Co's mammoth store, gave an oyster supper to a few of their many friends in their millinery parlor over their store. It was a nice affair and all who were fortunate enough to receive an invitation enjoyed it hugely. Mrs. M. Y. Johnson chaperoned the young people.

Those present were: G. B. Likens, Miss Rachie Sanderfur; O. J. Thomas, Miss Emma Fair; Jno. T. Moore, Miss Eva Morton; S. A. Anderson, Miss Elva Morton; A. R. Carson, Miss Desdie Duke; T. J. Morton, Miss Ruth Coombes; Marvin Bean, Miss Ida Duke; Henry Carson, Miss Laura Rander.

The young people will long remember the many courtesies shown them on this occasion by Messrs. Carson and Morton, and all join in wishing them success in their business.

At Home.

Having had an excellent season "on the road" with my splendid photographing outfit I have now established my gallery permanently at my new house in Beaver Dam, Ky., where I am fully equipped for doing all kinds of photographic work. Cabinet photo's a specialty. Instantaneous photographs of children. Call and see my work. Very truly,

A. D. TAYLOR.

A Great Family Newspaper.

That popular illustrated family newspaper, Pennsylvania Grit, which is now sold in every State in the Union, east of the Rocky Mountains, is giving to those who cut out the

coupons printed in it each week, free books, pictures and art albums. Buy a copy from the newsboy, or send for a free sample copy, and learn particulars. Agents wanted in every town where it is not now being sold. See advertisement in another column. Address, GRIT PUBLISHING CO., Williamsport, Pa. The subscription price is only 50 cents for three months. Try it.

Wedding-Townsend

On Wednesday, December 7th, 1893, J. S. R. Wedding, of this place, will be married to Miss Lucy B. Townsend, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Julia A. Wedding, of Horton.

The wedding will be a very quiet one, only a few immediate friends and relatives will be present. Mr. Wedding is a rising young lawyer of the Hartford bar, and is deservedly popular among his associates, while his bride-to-be is a highly cultivated young lady, possessing all the traits characteristic of noble young womanhood.

She has been connected with the school interests of the county for several years, and is very popular among Ohio county's people. THE REPUBLICAN, together with their many friends, throughout the county and State, extends congratulations in advance and wishes them a long and happy life.

GORGEOUS!

IS THE ONLY WORD THAT CAN EXPRESS

FAIR BROS. & CO'S

IMMENSE DISPLAY OF

TOYS AND FANCY GOODS!

Toys of every description and of every Nation may be found there. Dolls, French Dolls, English Dolls, Doll heads, Dressed Dolls, Doll Carriages, Wagons, Chairs, Stools, Bedsteads, Cradles, Folding Beds, Drums, Horns, Tables, Bureaus, Washstands, Writing Desks, Ocean steamers, Sail Boats, Steam Yachts, Guns, Swords, Tree Ornaments, Paint Boxes, Rubber Balls, Celluloid Balls, Magic Lanterns, Tin Toys of all kinds, including Horses, Lions, Elephants, Sheep, Roosters, Deer, Goats, Stables full of Horses and Vehicles. Noah's Arks, Ten-Pins, Hobby Horses, Drays, Carts, Trucks, Doll Sofas, Dog Carts, Tin Stoves, Tin Kitchens, Utensils, Britannia Dishes, China Dishes in Dinner and Tea Sets, Vases, Carlsbad Chinas Dresden China, Gold and Silver Bronze Lamps and Pitchers, Mirrors, Ink Stands, Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Cloth-Bound Books, Albums, Linen Books, Pasteboard-Back Books, all the New Games, including Chessindia, Robin Hood, Alphabet Game, Kohla or World's Fair Game, Puzzles, Blocks, and every other Toy that could gratify a child's wish.

Clothing Department.

We are prepared to show you the best Clothing in Ohio county. Can show you a line of all Wool Suits from \$5 to \$15. Elegant line of Overcoats at prices to suit the times.

Boots and Shoes.

We are again in the lead with this line. Come to us for goods that will wear you through the entire winter.

Cloak Department.

We have received a new line at Manufacture's cost, which we propose to sell at their price from now until January 1. Handsome Black Cloak trimmed in fur \$5.00. Very Fine Cloaks in brown, tan and gray, with and without collar, only \$5.00. Extra value in Ladies Black and Blue Cloaks, worth \$10.00; our price, \$7.50. Very fine Tan Cloaks \$8.00, worth 10.00. They must go for we surely did not buy them to keep. We have also a line of Ladies Cloth for Capes. The very thing you want. For big bargains in the above line, see us without fail.

Notion Department.

We have over 50 dozen handkerchiefs for the Holiday trade—all the newest and latest patterns. Silk handkerchiefs in Brocade and Plain, prices running from 25c to 75c each. Ladies fine Plain and Bordered handkerchiefs 50c each. Very fine Mull handkerchiefs 8 1/2c. Ladies pure linen initial handkerchiefs 12 1/2c. Men's fine gingham bordered handkerchiefs 50c each. Men's pure linen cambric handkerchiefs 4 for 25c, extra quality. Ladies pure linen handkerchiefs, scalloped edges at 15c. Ladies very fine linen handkerchiefs 25c to 50c. Latest novelties in head rest, fancy table scarfs, chemise table covers, fancy embroidered goods, all kinds. Rope silk, fancy balls, embroidery, silks, ice wool, satins, all shades, for fancy work.

Staple Department.

A present selected from our staple line will be one by which you can be remembered a long time. We can show you a line of dark prints in patterns only, at 6 1/2c per yard. Also, a beautiful line of dark prints at 5c. Hand-some line of turkey red prints, at 6c. Pure American Indigo's, 6c. Extra Linen Damask, 25c. Very best quality of Damask, 50c. Fine line of napkins, 50c 75c and \$1. per dozen. Pure Linen towels, 25c 50c 75c and \$1 per pair. Extra line of flannels, at 15c 20c 25c and 35c per yard. Dress flannels, all wool, 25c. Dress, all grades and of the latest values, 10c to \$1.50 per yard. Very fine line of gingham, from 5c to 12 1/2c per yard. These and many others are suitable Xmas presents. Visit us for them.

We have only space to mention a few of our many Xmas Novelties. If you will visit us we will guarantee to show you the largest and best selected stock of Novelties in Ohio county. Although it's early yet, but these goods are moving rapidly, so join the procession and come to see us. Wishing in advance each of our customers a merry Xmas and prosperity in the year 1894.

FAIR BROS. & CO.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1893.

Go to Hall's for your meat.
Eggs and Butter at W. H. Williams.
Try Stevens & Collins' sweet pickles.
Pop corn, in the ear, at W. H. Williams.
Fresh Sausage constantly on hand at Hall's.
Fresh bread constantly on hand at Hall's.
Fresh Fruits and Oysters at Stevens & Collins.
S. O. P. Hall keeps oysters, sardines, etc.
Bring your fur and hides to W. H. Williams.
Freshest Groceries at Stevens & Collins.
Cranberries, 10c per quart, at W. H. Williams.
Meat! Meat! Meat!! At Hall's in abundance.
Give S. O. P. Hall a call when you want meat.
W. H. Williams' is headquarters for Bananas.
Everything in first-class order at Hall's meat-shop.
20lbs of granulated sugar for \$1, at W. H. Williams.
Hall has the leading meat-shop in the Green River country.
Call on Stevens & Collins and see their new stock of groceries.
For Gherkins, Chow-Chow, Olives, etc., call on Stevens & Collins.
Call on Hall for staple and fancy groceries. He has a nice supply.
Hall's business continues to increase. He keeps everything fresh.
Hall handles the wonderful Japanese Oil. It is wonderful, indeed. Try a bottle.
Go to W. H. Williams for Chow Chow, Sweet pickles, Olives, Horse Radishes & etc.
Judge J. S. Glenn and family left Wednesday to spend a week visiting friends near Beaver Dam.
Oysters served at all hours day or night, at Hall's stand. Remember the place, opposite the Hartford House.
A large stock of STAPLE and FANCY groceries, wholesale and retail, constantly on hand, at W. H. Williams.
W. H. Williams' is headquarters for NICE NEW HOMINY CURRANTS, DRIED APPLES, PEACHES, raisins, figs, dates & etc.
The new Pension Board was organized Wednesday with Dr. J. J. Mitchell, President; Dr. A. B. Baird, Secretary; Dr. J. D. Maddox, Treasurer. These are excellent gentlemen and will give satisfaction.

W. H. WILLIAMS LEADS.
Charley Godshaw, Owensboro, was in town Monday.
Mr. Mark McClure, of Leitchfield, was a pleasant caller Tuesday.
Miss Lena Carson gave a pleasant social at the Hartford House last Friday night.
FOR SALE—A fine young horse. Cheap for cash. Apply to S. A. ANDERSON, Hartford, Ky.
Mr. L. M. Render, who has been sick for some time with typhoid fever, is improving.
A Masonic lecture and supper will be given at Rockport to-morrow night for the benefit of the Lodge at that place.
Misses Lyda and Bertie Morton entertained a few friends last Saturday night. Refreshments were served and all enjoyed the occasion.
J. D. Chapman, after successfully conducting a restaurant at Chicago during the World's Fair, is spending a few weeks visiting friends here and at Beda.
Mr. Cicero Burton, who for the past several years has lived at the far end of the levy, north of town, has taken charge of Rowan Holbrook farm, just below town and will move his family there in a few days.
The merchant who refuses to advertise has plenty of time to sit around and cry hard-times. Just watch the stores and see who is getting the trade. The people are getting the papers and don't you forget it. Trade with our advertisers.
Any one would know from the unusual broad smile Bob Crowe wears that something has happened to make him uncommonly glad. Well the truth is a daughter made her appearance at his home Sunday, Dec. the 3d, weight, 10 1/2 pounds and Bob is the happiest papa in town.
The large axle handle factory of the Turner, Day & Woodworth Manufacturing Co., at Horse Branch, began operation last Friday at noon. Mr. W. L. Graves, the young timber man, is the manager and the factory adds greatly to the business of the town. Horse Branch begins to put on the appearance of a manufacturing point, and it bids fair to become in a few years one of the best towns in the county.
Messrs. Shelby Taylor, of Beaver Dam, and W. H. Barnes, of this place, were admitted to the bar here at the last term of court. Mr. Taylor is a splendid young man, and is very popular, having been in the merchant business at Beaver Dam for several years. He is now attending law school in Louisville. Mr. Barnes is a successful teacher of the county, graduating at Hartford College a few years ago, where he won the prize in the Oratorical Contest. We wish them much success.

See the Neckwear at Carson & Co's.
SOUR-KRAUT at Tracy & Son's.
LOADED SHELLS at Tracy & Son's.
Fresh MACARONI at Tracy & Son's.
The big stock of Shoes is at Carson & Co's.
300 Umbrellas to select from at Carson & Co's.
25lbs N. O. Sugar for \$1.00 in cash at Carson & Co's.
Don't fail to see the novelties in Umbrellas at Carson & Co's.
The Rocking Chairs are the talk of the town at Carson & Co's.
Powder, Shot, Wads and Caps are at Tracy & Son's in abundance.
TWENTY-FIVE cents CASH gets one package of ARBUCKLE'S Coffee at Tracy & Son's.
Try Tracy & Son for New England Pie Preparation. The only place where it can be found.
CELERY, CURRANTS, PRUNES, RAISINS and MINCE MEAT all NEW can be found at Tracy & Son's.
Call on C. R. Martin for nice Xmas goods. He will have a beautiful lot of new goods in a few days. Wait.
Miss Collins, our Milliner, is always on hand, ready and willing to tell you just what will suit you in a Hat.
We heard our announcement column this week with the name of Mr. D. L. Miller as a candidate for Assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Mr. Miller is a clever, energetic young farmer and teacher, and is eminently qualified to fill the office to which he aspires. Should it be our portion to have a Democratic Assessor, Mr. Miller would make as good one as could be found.
Henry Levy, who for the past fifteen years has been connected with Mr. A. Godshaw's general store and leaf tobacco business at Beda, has closed out his interest there and left last Tuesday for Bowling Green, where he will enter the grocery business. Henry has been a familiar figure about Beda for so long that he will be greatly missed by his many friends, who wish him success in his new home.
A fat, sober, jolly and prosperous old farmer living out in the county recently received through the mail a very startling communication. It was a bill for a half barrel of whisky. Now the good old farmer never drank any whisky in all his life, but he went to town to ferret out the mistake. When he arrived, however, the half-barrel of high-lonesome had been taken charge of by a young business man, of the same surname and for whom it was intended, only the wholesale man had somehow failed to get the right name. Now, the question arises as to what that young business man wants with so much whisky in a prohibition country?

Mr. C. R. Martin is confined to his room with the grip.
25lbs of BEST N. O. Sugar for \$1 at W. H. Williams.
Mrs Mary A. Thomas is dangerously ill and is scarcely expected to recover.
Mr. J. L. Carson, who has been at Pleasant Ridge for some time, came home Wednesday.
Read Fair Bros. & Co's big "ad." They offer some rare bargains. It will pay you to visit them.
The annual election of Officers of Hartford Lodge No. 675 will be held on Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1893, 2 o'clock p. m. at the Hall in Hartford. All members are requested to be present.
W. H. MOORE, Sec'y.
Remember that the old and reliable jeweler, C. R. Martin, has moved in the store of A. D. White, where he is ready to wait on you at any time. You can get any kind of jewelry at the lowest cash prices. He will be glad to see his old friends at any time.
The Alhambra Renovating Co., now at our landing, is the best our country ever knew. Their machinery is steam power, and they use in cleaning feathers from 80 to 100 pounds of steam, while machines heretofore used comparatively none, and so they made a complete batch of their work. This Company have just arrived from Calhoun and Livermore, where they cleaned over 30,000 pounds of feathers, and will refer the people of Hartford and vicinity to a few well known names below, for whom they did work: Mrs. Judge W. B. Noe, J. D. Pruitt, Isaac Gilmore, V. Stetler, Jos. Towery, John Mosely, Dr. Haynes, W. T. Dorris, Chas. Gilmore, Allen Bryant, Gip Gary, Calhoun, Ky.; James Mosely, W. E. Lashbrook, Aaron Mosely, Col. Hackett, Livermore, Ky.
A Horrible Accident.
One of the most terrible accidents happened at Taylor Mines this county, last Wednesday night that has ever occurred in the history of the county. After the miners had finished the day's work, and as Mr. Riley Hughes was preparing his powder next day's blasting as was his usual custom, one of his children found a moistened lump and took it to his father and in order to show the child it was dangerous he threw it in the fire. It at once ignited throwing sparks throwing sparks over the room, some of which fell in the powder can, causing a terrible explosion, literally blowing the house to atoms, killing, almost instantly, Mrs. Hughes and a daughter. All were badly burned and a son may yet die. It is thought the others may recover. At the sound of the explosion the neighbors gathered in and to their horror they found their neighbor's house in ruins and him and his family in a bad condition.

Rev. Bird Weaver's Conduct the Cause of the Trouble.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN.—In reply to the article, "An Interesting Service," which appeared in THE REPUBLICAN of Nov. the 24th, '93, I would say Bird Weaver was undercharges of unchristian conduct and he left the Association and organized one of his own, and with some tough fellows as well as some good christians, whom he duped by misrepresentation and artifice, took charge of our Church and locked it against all who refused to obey him. In every thing he played the supreme ruler in all matters pertaining to the Church. Those of the members who did most toward building the house and paying the expenses of the Church refused to go with him, as they believed the draw off was a ruse to keep from being tried for his misconduct. Our Association ordered the loyal members of the Church to take possession of it, and employ a pastor and keep up regular services on our regular meeting days, which was done some two months back. Old Ves Jones, a fair specimen of degraded humanity, had two of us arrested and taken to the county-seat for trial, where the County Attorney, in disgust, ordered the case dismissed. The meeting referred to three weeks ago was our new pastor's first meeting, his appointment being for 2 o'clock p. m. on Saturday and 11 o'clock a. m. on Sunday. One of our members went to Weaver's appointment at 11 a. m. on Saturday, with the intention of remaining until our appointment at 2 o'clock the same day, and when their meeting closed he refused to leave the house, when he was led out and the doors locked. He it was after our congregation began to arrive went through the window and opened the door. A part of the Weaver congregation remained around or near the house the most of the time our meeting was going on, threatening and trying to keep all from going in they could. On Sunday morning we had an appointment for social service and prayer meeting at an early hour and had just commenced when the Weavers came in force and undertook to rout us out by snatching the Bible from our pastor in the stand and raising a general racket, but failed and retreated in great confusion all the time our preacher was preaching, and when the meeting was over, the writer and the most of our congregation left and are not responsible for the lies of Weaver and his gang of toughs. The house is ours by a decision of the highest Ecclesiastical authority known by our denomination, to wit, the Association, which holds Constitutional Appellate jurisdiction in all the cases that arise in the Churches. We are not the excluded members, as "Interesting Service" has it, but on the contrary, we are and have been all the time, loyal, law abiding members of Green River Union Church and Green River Union Association and have always refused to go off with the Weaver Rebellion to try to cover up his shameful conduct. As regards weaver being in a majority in the Church, as stated in the article, "Interesting Service," I will say by consulting the minutes, we numbered two hundred and thirty-five members at the time Weaver drew off and not more than twelve voted to go with him, there being more than forty members present. Four voted against it and a great majority not voting, wanting time to consider our Church Rules, which requires a majority of the members present to decide the most simple question. At our next meeting after the draw off a request to reconsider, signed by double the number of members voting to go with Weaver, was promptly refused by Weaver and from that good day until now there have not been one third of the members at the house. A large majority were so outraged at Weaver's conduct they have quit coming, some have joined other churches. The attendance at Weaver's meetings has fallen off more than four-fifths since the draw off.

JOHN P. ROWE,
Centertown, Ky., Dec. 4, 1893.

The Rosine Teachers' Association
Convened at Rosine Saturday, Nov. the 25th. Superintendent Rogers was present and the meeting was quite interesting in all its details. The Committee submitted the following program for next meeting:
Attention, Its Importance and how to Secure it—W. G. Steward, Albert London
Winter Work for Teachers—A. P. Thomas and R. A. Byers.
Importance of Teachers' Associations—L. B. Mills U. C. Barnett and Sue Monroe.
What I Have Done this Month—F. L. Sanderfur and Henri Hammonds.
The use of the Globes and Maps—G. S. Fitzhugh and Mrs. J. A. Wedding.
How to spend Recess and Playtime—Ella Herring, G. W. Miller and Henry Leach.
Recitation—Nettie Rogers.
Declamation—U. C. Barnett.
Recitation—Lavinia Myers.
Paper—J. S. Fitzhugh.
When Superintendent Rogers visited the Secretaries' School he stated that he had corresponded with Superintendent Thompson on the subject of the time of holding the Association in the different districts. Superintendent Thompson says the county Superintendent has power to call these Associations to meet on Friday and that the teachers who attend shall receive their salary for so doing. Superintendent Rogers, therefore, orders that the teachers in the Rosine Magisterial District shall assemble at Rosine, Friday, Dec. 15th, at 1 o'clock p. m.
G. W. MILLER, Vice Pres.
LUCY B. TOWNSEND, Sec'y.



THE CHIMNEY

To our store is so Large that

SANTA CLAUS

Will be able this Year to Spread for Our Patrons an Unusually Complete Line of

HOLIDAY GIFTS

For young and old

We have taken pains to select a complete assortment in every line kept in our big store, in fact, have added to our already immense stock what we did not have, for the Holiday trade. We have not the time or space to mention every article or give prices, but if you will come to see us, we will show you that we can and will give you more goods for One Dollar than any other house in Hartford. Come once and you will come again.

Remember the place:

CARSON & CO

(Successors to Anderson's Bazaar)

Next door to Bank of Hartford.

A COLD WINTER

Is predicted by the weather WISEACRES and OVERCOATS and CLOAKS will be needed like the Texas Boy needed his pistol, "very bad."

So we will propose to say that from now 'til the HOLIDAYS we will astonish our customers with prices on these goods. We have just got in a new lot of these goods bought on the SLAUGHTER scale, and they will go at once. CASH will take them out at ridiculous prices.

Come at once.

HOCKER & CO.

Beaver Dam, Ky.

SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGES

The W. D. Boyce Co., of Chicago, want a good hustling boy or girl in every town in the United States and Canada to sell their famous weekly illustrated papers, the SATURDAY BLADE and the CHICAGO LEDGER. They are to be sold on the streets, in shops, stores, etc. Thousands of boys are now making money doing this, as it is an easy matter after one is fairly started. No expense to begin. Send name to above address, and receive instructions and stationery.

Wanted Agents and NEWSBOYS to sell the great illustrated Family Newspaper, "Pennsylvania Grip." Best selling paper published. Good, live boys make from 50c to \$5 every Saturday. Send for free sample copy and full particulars to GRIT PUBLISHING CO., Williamsport, Pa.
Not one minute elapses between the taking of One Minute Cough Cure and relief. Why shouldn't people take One Minute Cough Cure? They should. They do. L. B. Bean.
Newalgic Persons and those troubled with nervousness resulting from overwork will be relieved by taking Dr. Ross's Iron Bitters. Goodness has made mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.
Send With the Order.
The C. F. Risley Co., Wholesale Druggists, 62 Cortlandt St., New York, ordered a large supply of Dr. Ross's Lightning Remedy for Rheumatism, and sent this with his order: "It is strange that your remedy is not more generally known, as its effects on rheumatism are simply marvelous—superior to any rheumatic medicine we have ever sold." This is high praise, but the remedy fully deserves it. If you have the rheumatism you cannot afford to do without this great remedy any longer. Ask your druggist for it, or send to the Dr. Ross Medicine Co., 48-50 Maiden Lane, New York. Agents wanted.



Prof. B. W. Smith, Prin. Commercial College of Ky University, Lexington, Ky., was awarded MEDAL AND DIPLOMA BY THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION. For Systems of Book-keeping and General Business Education, and for complete Business Course including English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Typing, and all the latest and most practical business methods. W. B. Smith, President, Lexington, Ky.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1893.

THE BICYCLE GIRL.

The bicycle girl is plump and round. Her cheeks are rosy, her skin is browned. Her eyes are bright with health. In her modest gown of navy blue. She sits all the time on her bicycle. To a woman's greatest wealth.

Her flesh is firm and her muscles strong. Her rounded limbs might well belong. To a goddess of olden time. As she glides along on her silent wheel. All men admire, for all men feel. That her vigor is sublime.

Then halt to the bicycle girl, and long. May she live and grow more strong. As a woman ought to do. Till her weaker sisters also try. With her in her health and her strength to vie. And get them bicycles too. —Toronto Mail.

GOODBY.

The two friends had finished their dinner. From the windows of the cafe they overlooked the boulevard, which at this hour was crowded with people. The soft breezes that sweep through the streets of Paris on warm summer nights fanned their cheeks, inviting them to go down among the trees, somewhere, anywhere, to dream of moonlit streams, inspired poems and charming nightingales.

One of them, Henri Simon, said to his companion, with a profound sigh:

"I feel that I am growing old, my friend. On such a night as this I have gone by I was keenly alive to the pleasures of existence. Tonight I have nothing but regrets. Life is short at best."

He was a man about 45 years old, a little stout and quite bald.

The other, Pierre Carnier, not his senior in appearance by any means, but more slender and vivacious, replied:

"My friend, have grown old without noticing it. I was always gay and jolly, vigorous and all that. For when one looks at himself in the glass every day in the year, the ravages of age are not apparent. They are slow and regular and work such gradual changes that the transition is not noticeable. We can hardly perceive it. To see it plainly, one should not look into a mirror for six months at least, and then—ah, what a shock!"

"And the women, old fellow—how I pity them! All their happiness, their power, their life, is in their beauty, and that lasts but 10 years at best."

"As for myself, I grew old without suspecting it! I thought myself still a youth when I was near 50 years of age. Free from infirmities of any kind, I was going my way, happy and content. But the revelation of my decline came upon me in such a simple yet startling manner that I felt the effects of the shock six months afterward. Then I accepted my fate gracefully."

"I have often been in love, like all men, but once in my life I was quite hard hit."

"I met her at the seashore—Eretat—about 12 years ago, not long after the war. There is nothing more delightful than that beach in early morning at the bathing hour. It is not very extensive, is curved like a horseshoe and encircled by tall, white cliffs, pierced with singular holes called 'The Grottoes.' One of these cliffs is enormous and stretches its gigantic length to the water's edge. The other is round and flat. The women swarm over this narrow strip, with its pebbled walks, and transform it into a brilliant garden of summer toilets with walls of rock. The sun shines full upon the coast, over parcels of every imaginable color, and over the sea of deep blue. It is a jolly picture, enchanting to the eye. Close by the water's edge the people lounge in the sand, watching the bathers as they come tripping down in their flannel bath robes, which they discard with a pretty movement as soon as the white fringed waves play around their feet. Then they run in with swift little steps, while the water sends thrills of a delicious chill through their veins."

"Few women are made to endure the crucible test of the bath. Their figures stands revealed from ankle to throat. As they emerge from the embrace of the briny waters, either their shortcomings are made plain to the eye or the rounded contours of form and limb are enhanced by the clinging, dripping garb."

"The first time I saw the young woman of whom I have spoken I was carried away by her charms. Few women possess the beauty of form that is startling and overpowering at the first glance—that seems to a man as if he had suddenly met the creature he was born to love. I experienced that sensation and that shock."

"I was introduced to her and was more deeply smitten than ever in my life. She made me her slave, and it was both terrible and delicious to submit thus to the reign of a woman. It is torture and indescribable felicity at once. Her look, her smile, the little tendrils of hair round her neck ruffled by the breeze, every line in her face, her slightest movement, captivated my senses and ensnared and drove me to distraction. She took complete possession of me. It grieved me to see her veil lying on a chair or her gloves thrown carelessly on the sofa. Her toilets seemed matchless in my eyes, and no other woman had ever worn hats more becoming than hers."

"She was married. Her husband came every Saturday and departed again on Monday. I was not in the least concerned about him nor jealous of his relation to her. No living creature ever seemed of less consequence to me than this man."

"Ah, how I loved her—she who was so gay, so pretty and so graceful! She was youth, elegance and freshness personified. I never felt more lonely than I did then that a woman is a sweet, lovely and delicate being made of charms and graces. Never before had I discovered the beauty that lay in the rounded contour of a cheek, the movement of a lip, the curves and creases of a little ear, the shape even of that stupid feature, the nose."

"This lasted three months, when I was called to America, whither I went with a crushed and broken heart. Even away from her I was her slave still. Years went by. I could not forget her. Her charms were constantly before my eyes and in my heart. I cherished her memory with a tenderness that had grown calm, and I loved her as one loves a dream of a most beautiful and enchanting thing."

"Twelve years do not mean much in the life of a man. They pass almost unnoticed. One follows upon the other, slowly yet swiftly. Each is long, yet soon at an end. Although they multiply rapidly, they leave few traces behind and vanish so completely that when one looks back upon them there is nothing left to remind us of their flight, and age creeps on without warning."

"It seemed to me that only a few years separated me from that delightful season on the beach at Eretat."

"One day last spring I went to dine with friends at Maisons-Laffite. Just as the train was about to start a portly matron entered the coach I occupied accompanied by four little girls. I could not help looking curiously at this large, rotund, motherly creature, whose face was like the full moon under a beribboned hat. She pulled and panted from the exertion of her hurried walk. The children began to babble, and I unfolded my newspaper and commenced to read."

As we passed Asnières my neighbor suddenly accosted me:

"I beg your pardon, sir. Are you not M. Carnier?"

"Yes, madame."

"She laughed with the contented laugh of a cheerful woman, but there was just a tinge of sadness in her voice."

"Do you not recognize me?"

"I hesitated. It seemed to me that I had seen her face before, but I could not tell when and where. I answered:

"Yes—and, no—I certainly know you, but I cannot recollect your name." She blushed a little.

"Mme. Julie Lefevre."

"I was startled out of my wits. For a moment the earth seemed to reel around me, and a veil was rudely torn from my eyes which made me see things with terrible, heartrending clearness."

"It was she! This common woman, the mother of these four girls! I eyed the little creatures with as much astonishment as I did their mother. They had followed her; they had taken their places in life, already half women, and she counted for nothing—she, who had once been such a marvel of delicate and coquettish charms!"

"It seemed to me that I had known her but yesterday, and to find her thus again! It was impossible! A violent pang wrung my heart. I rebelled against nature and her brutal, infamous work of destruction! I looked at her with frightened eyes. When I took her hand in mine, tears dimmed my vision. I wept for her youth; I wept for her death. This stout woman was a stranger to me."

"She, too, was touched, and she faltered. I had much changed, I know, but it is only natural. I am a mother now—nothing but a mother—a good mother. Farewell to everything else that is passed. I did not think that you would recognize me or that we should ever meet again. You yourself are not as you used to be. It took me some time to decide whether I was mistaken in my surmise. Your hair has grown quite gray. Think of it—12 years is a long time. My oldest daughter is nearly 10 years old."

"I looked at the child and discovered in her some of the old charms of her mother, undefinable as yet, unformed and in the bud, and life seemed to me nothing more than a rapidly passing train. We arrived at Maisons-Laffite. I kissed my old friend's hand and parted from her with a few trivial phrases. I was too deeply moved to speak."

"In the evening when I was alone I examined my face a long time in the mirror and ended by recalling to my mind the picture of myself as I had been in bygone days, with brown mustache and black hair and a young, fresh face. But now I was old. Farewell!" —Guy De Maupassant.

The World's Opinion.

[PHILADELPHIA TIMES.]

There is never a time in a woman's life when she can afford to turn her back upon public opinion. Just as soon as she says: "I don't care what the world thinks," just that soon the world has no use for her, and though at the time such may seem a glorious independent mode of living, there will come a day when she will regret the step which at first seemed so courageous.

Conventionality and the proprieties of social life are the props of a woman's existence, and once she knocks these aside she will find that her mistake has been one that cannot be retrieved. We may know in our hearts that we are doing right, but the world is so censorious that unless we comply with certain fixed rules laid down by it we might just as well commit the actual as well as the implied sin.

Moreover we are largely independent. The mainstay of to-day may be tomorrow need itself a support, either in word or deed, and when we consider ourselves the strongest then is the moment when we are trembling upon the verge of a fatal error. To young girls we say with all a mother's interest—guard against the very appearance of setting the world's opinion at defiance, and to those older sisters who sometimes think that they can set up their judgment in opposition to the opinion of the social world in which they move, we say that it is as important for them to be circumspect now as in the days before they had "Mrs." engraved upon their visiting cards. Much is forgiven in a young girl that could not be overlooked in an older woman. Therefore, young and old in the great sisterhood should submissively bow to dictums that sometimes seem ridiculous, yet which, after all, bear choicer fruit than that which springs from the seeds of injudicious defiance of the proprieties.

Report

Of Highland School District, No. 93, for the month ending Nov. 17, '93:

Nora Cooper 99, Bertha Miller 97, Nanie Murphy 93, Ada Keown 95, Essie Shown 97, Clara Miller 96, Archie Cooper 97, Flora Keown 94, Bertha White 96, Eva Eskridge 94, Morris Cooper 94, Annie Cravens 94, Bertie Crowe 94, Flossie Crowe 93, Thomas Keown 95, Nannie Newton 94, Elijah Wells 93, Sarah Cravens 93, Mary Perry 95, Mary Cravens 93, Leander Shown 94, Forrest White 93, Pearl White 92, Myrtle White 93, James Huff 94, Roscoe Huff 94, Byron Miller 94, Ira Murphy 94, Logan Murphy 93, Susie Cravens 93, Bertie Cravens 93, Floyd Keown 93, James Wells 94, Annie Huff 93, Leslie Kirk 96, Dean Kirk 95, James Newton 94, Reatie Fuqua 93, Anderson Perry 93, Willie Husk 94, Ida Cravens 95, Johnny Newton 94, Charles Shultz 97, Johnny Shultz 95, Nettie Shultz 98.

PEARL MILLER, Teacher.

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[B. F. RUSSELL IN N. Y. PRESS.]

Grover stood on the Free-Trade deck, whence he had had fled; His silver bill around his neck And vetoes in his head.

Not beautiful, he stubborn stood, And sought to rule the storm; A creature of the Mugwump blood, Though Democrat in form.

His party called, he would not go Without the Mugwump's word, The winds through Peffer's whiskers blow, But Grover never heard.

He called aloud, "Say Gresham, say, If yet my task be done— Protection have we busted up, Free-Trade for England won?"

"Speak, Cockrell!" once again he cried, "Oh, let me hear from Vest," But Blaine declared, "The ways divide" And he was going West.

Champ Clark was writing up a speech About that "Western man," And Algeid was prepared to teach The new anarchist plan.

Maynard was studying how to steal For Hill another place; New Jersey Democrats appeal For winter gambling race.

Lochner was busy writing names Of pensioners refused, And Bissell playing at the games Of Postmasters abused.

Gresham was working at his best, A project long and mean, To crush republics in the West And seat a negro queen.

Olney was busy to his eyes, And though the party "bust," He thought it suited to his size To help another trust.

The "Tiger" in his New York lair Was up to other fun; The banks and brokers well must fare Said Dana and his Sun.

The Bay State Democrats appeared To be in awful need, The logic of events they feared, And that of Thomas Reed.

While from Iowa came a cry, A sad, heart-breaking noise, "Come up and help us ere we die, Or Jackson'll wallop Boise."

The unemployed on every hand Were crying, "Give us bread; You Free-Trade talk has wrecked the land And killed a Union dead."

On Grover's brow he felt their breath, But on the Free-Trade deck He knew not lurked his party's death And set his stubborn neck.

He shouted but once more aloud, "Look at the Great I am, Free-Trade or bust shall be my shroud McKinley is a clam!"

The ballots soon were flying wild Protection's tide was high, The ballot boxes soon were piled, "Down with Free-Trade!" the cry.

There came a burst of thunder sound A loud Protection peal, McKinley bombs were flying round, And killed poor Larry Neal.

Boise, Maynard, Russell, where are they? And Cleveland, where is he? Ask of the winds that far away With fragments strewed the sea.

With tigers, cranks and brigadiers, The Free-Trade college dude, And Grover at the last appears, In innocuous desecration.

Ruth and John.

[MAGGIE MAY JAMES IN COMMERCIAL.]

Two long years he had been gone. No word, no sign that he was living had ever reached his only sister. Passing through the hall one evening just at dusk, she brushed against a man who caught and held her in a close embrace, whispering softly:

"Don't you know me, Esther? I am John."

Then there was much rejoicing in the household. His return was published throughout the land and a great feast was spread in honor of the traveler.

Now Esther had a dearly beloved friend much younger than herself, to whom she had told many incidents in John's life. So to the feast she was invited to meet the young explorer.

The night of the fete rolled around at last, and Ruth, in all the joy of happy girlhood, was looking her best in a gown of delicate blue. Rich lace lay round her neck and wrists, white roses nestled in her belt, while from the masses of her soft, bright hair one tiny bud peeped coyly. More gorgeous and richer dresses rustled there that night, but none were prettier or sweeter than Ruth's, and many were the admiring eyes that followed her up the long room to where the hostess and her brother were receiving.

"Esther!" whispered John as she drew near, "tell me who this is?"

Ere his sister could reply she stood before them, speaking in a friendly fashion to Esther of her brother's safe return.

Thus they met, John Goodwin and Ruth Ingalls, and as a pair of bright gray eyes looked laughingly into his, John felt a strange heart throb and then he knew that he was conquered. Conquered by a pair of merry eyes, a sweet face shaded by red-brown hair, a lithe, graceful form that passed him daintily by in a soft blue gown.

Wealthy, well-born and intelligent, John had never found a woman he could love until this evening; then—as such men do—he loved with a strong, sudden passion that thrilled his whole being.

And Ruth?

Had those dark brown eyes, that pleasant, earnest face made no impression on the fair young maiden? Who so wise that he can read the thoughts that flutter through the young girl's heart.

The moment Esther freed him from her side, John, all unmindful of his social duties, made his way to Ruth. There he lingered all the evening, saying little, only feasting his hungry eyes upon her beauty.

She was seated in a low chair, carelessly toying with a fan, smiling brightly on the gentlemen hovering round her. Once, glancing quickly

up, she caught John's eyes bent steadily upon her. Perhaps they showed his feelings all too plainly, for they red around her face and brow, and rising hurriedly she said:

"It is very warm in here, will you one take me to a cool place, please?"

All were eager to honor, but John was first. So, with a nod and a smile to those she left, Ruth walked out into the cool, sweet air, leaning on John's arm.

Several months have passed, bringing to Ruth many new and pleasant experiences. A watchful, loving care seems to surround her always now, two strong hands are ever willing to fulfill her slightest wish, and turn what she will, still there by her side lingers one ready to comfort, council and protect her. So in the quiet twilight time, the tender confidences given and the happy evenings spent together, the old, sweet story of love went on, until one day, in answer to an old, old question, Ruth shyly whispered a timid "yes."

All this time another had been wooing Ruth in his own old way. Young Edmond Belmont worshipped at this shrine. When in answer to the self-same question, in a timid, trusting manner she told of the love she bore good John, he begged her not to cast him off.

"You are my good angel, Ruthie, and if you throw me aside I will have no good influence to bear me through the trials and temptations that beset my life. What harm?" he pleaded earnestly, "what harm can there be in my calling you a friend?"

"Do not," as he tried to speak "do not tell me I can never come again. It would be my ruin, Ruth, and the sin would rest upon you."

So she listened to his pleadings; kept it a secret from young Goodwin, and suffered sorely for the keeping.

As some do, John proved to be a very jealous lover; so when this reached his ears, all turned and twisted in the telling, without one question asked, without one little word of sad farewell, he started on a journey to the far, far West, leaving no word or sign by which they could trace or find him.

Full three months passed ere, driven by a longing he could not withstand to gaze once more on that sweet face, John hastened back into his home. Then in the cool, calm, twilight time, he, knowing naught of what had happened in his absence, hurried on to sue for mercy and for pardon.

A sad-faced mother met him at the door and in answer to his eager questioning, with a trembling hand pointed silently to a lonely grave beside the old oak tree.

Yes, it was true; he would never see his darling again, never hear that rippling laugh, never look into those merry eyes and know that he was pardoned, or press that pure, sweet face against his beating heart.

During all the pain of a lingering fever she had begged them to bring him to her, if only for a moment.

"Oh, John! how could you leave me so?" she moaned all the long, weary day. Then, when the end drew near, a faint, sweet smile stole over the wan face. With one hand outstretched she feebly whispered:

"Good-bye, John; you'll know in heaven, dear."

So, her gentle spirit left the pained body. All that was mortal of the once fair Ruth they placed under the guardian shade of the old oak tree.

Long years have passed; the children of the village have grown accustomed to see the old, white-haired man sitting by the lonely grave.

Our Senate.

[BASIL W. DUKE, IN SOUTHERN MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.]

We have reason to hope that we have progressed nearly if not entirely beyond the region of doubtful and disputed constitutional construction; we may presume with some degree of confidence that the questions which shall in the future be submitted for determination will be questions of expediency purely, and it is scarcely possible, therefore, to imagine a situation which will furnish an excuse for simple, unqualified legislative obstruction.

If this be true, the Senate, like the House must submit to some conclusive restriction of debate, and may as well at once adopt and observe rules which will permit all questions to be considered and decided with no more than a reasonable amount of discussion.

In one aspect this compulsory popular opinion requiring so against a body to attend to business will involve consequences which, to those who deplore any interference with established customs, may seem very sad—it will largely hinder the complete exercise of "senatorial courtesy."

All reforms, however, must be attended with some sacrifices; and it is highly probable that if senators will be a little more considerate of the public patience, the public will patiently endure some diminution of consideration they have been accustomed to show each other.

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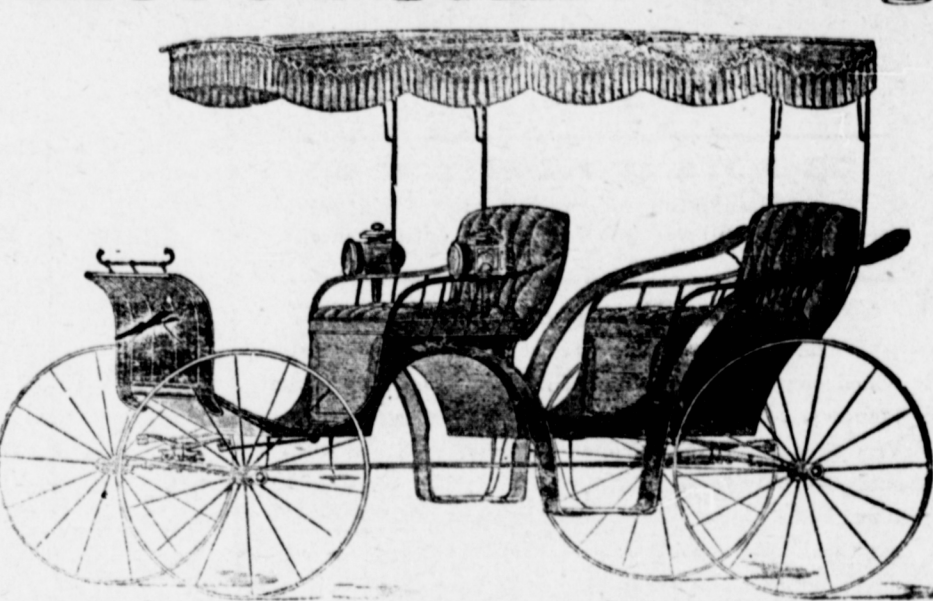
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